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VOL. 42—No. 30.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. FAREWELL REPRESENTATIONS AT CHEAP PRICES.

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MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

TITIENS, TREBELL, VOLPINI, GROSSI.
SANTLEY, GASSIER BETTINI, GARDONI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 23RD,
Will be reproduced Weber's Grand Romantic Opera,

"OBERON."

Rezia, Mdle. TITIENS; Puck, Mdle. GROSSI; Fatima, Madame TREBELL; Mermald, Mdle. VOLPINI; Scheramin, Mr. SANTLEY; Babekan, Signor GASSIER; Oberon, Signor BETTINI; and Sir Huon, Signor GARDONI (his first appearance in that character).

Conductor - - - Signor ARDITI.

The new and extensive Scenery by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin.
The Incidental Dances invented and arranged by M. Petit.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

POSITIVELY FOR THE LAST TIME THIS SEASON.

MONDAY NEXT, JULY 25TH,
Gounod's Last New Great Work,

"MIRELLA."

The following is the Distribution of the Parts:—
Vincenzo, Signor GIUGLINI; Orrius, Mr. SANTLEY; Ramon, Signor MARCELLO JUNCA;
Ambrogio, Signor GASSIER; Taven, Madame TREBELL; Vincenzina, Mdle. RESOZZ; Andreil, Mdle. VOLPINI; Clemenza, Mdle. MÜYA; and Mirella, Mdle. TITIENS.

Conductor - - - Signor ARDITI.

The new and extensive Scenery, and Original Effects, by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin.

TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 26TH,

Weber's Grand Romantic Opera,

"OBERON."

(For Particulars, refer above).

"FAUST"—LAST TIME BUT ONE.

THURSDAY, JULY 28TH,

Will be performed, for the Last Time but One, Gounod's celebrated Opera,

"FAUST."

Faust, Signor GIUGLINI; Valentin, Mr. SANTLEY; Mephistopheles, Signor GASSIER;
Wagner, Signor BOSSI; Siebel, Madame TREBELL; Maria, Madame TACCANI;
and Margherita, Mdle. TITIENS.

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LAST SIX NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

MDLE. ADELINA PATTI.—EXTRA NIGHT.

On MONDAY NEXT, July 26 (First Time this Season),
"MARTHA."

LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR.

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 26,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

MR. HARRIS'S BENEFIT.—LAST NIGHT BUT THREE.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 27,

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF MR. A. HARRIS.

Madame Grisi (on this occasion only), Mdle. Artôt, Madame Didée and Mdle. Adolina Patti; Signori Grassini, Atti, Naudin and Mario.

LAST NIGHT BUT TWO.—EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 28,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.—EXTRA NIGHT.

On FRIDAY NEXT, July 29,
"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT.

On SATURDAY NEXT, July 30,
"L'ETOILE DU NORD."

Conductor - - - - - M^{re}. COSTA.

Commence at Half-past Eight.

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Signor MARIO.

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The Tour will commence about the middle of September and terminate in December.

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN" (Words by H. HERSEE, Esq.), composed by EMIL BERGER, at the Glasgow City Hall, September 17 and 24.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," and the duet (with Miss Rose Hersee) "OH, GLORIOUS AGE OF CHIVALRY" from Howard Glover's popular Opera of *Once too Often*, at the City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, September 17, 24, and October 1.

MISS ROSE HERSEE AND MISS JULIA ELTON will sing at the City Hall, Glasgow, September 17 and 24; and will be happy to make engagements in the North of England and Scotland for other dates between September 12 and 30. Communication to be addressed to No. 2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE" composed for him by BLUMENTHAL, at the Hereford Festival, on Wednesday Evening, August 31.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVERLEY," at the Crystal Palace, July 25 at Myddleton Hall, August 5; and Richmond, August 17.

MRS. CAMPBELL BLACK, Vocalist (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedral of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, in the City of Dublin), sings in Italian, German and French. She sings also all the popular English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All communications respecting engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at 7 Well Walk, Hamstead, N.W.

MADLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN (Soprano). Communications respecting engagements in Town and Country to be addressed to 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

SIGNOR AND MADAME MARCHESI beg to inform their Pupils and Friends that they have left town for the Season, and will return to London, September 1, for the Winter Season. Communication for engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to the care of Mr. W. Fish, concert agent, 19 Whitehart Street, Kennington, S.

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22nd July, 1864.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Nobility, Shareholders, and the public are respectfully informed that THE OPERA COMPANY (Limited), will commence their First Season on the second Monday in October next. By Order, MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary.
22nd July, 1864.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE APPOINTMENT OF A MINOR CANON

TO THE

VACANT PLACE IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,

Will be made by the Dean and Chapter,

On WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of September next.

The Trial of Candidates selected will take place at the times and manner to be fixed by the Dean and Chapter.

All applications and Testimonials must be sent in, addressed to Mr. EDWARD PEARLE, Chapter Clerk and Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his Office in the College, Durham, by whom further information as to the office will be given, on or before Wednesday, the 7th day of September next.
Durham, 21st July, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MIREIO—MIREILLE—MIRELLA.

(Times—July 18)

Mirella was given for the sixth time on Saturday night. The music of M. Gounod's new opera is winning its way into general acceptance as surely as did that of *Faust* last year. Its beauties may be less immediately apparent to the uninitiated ear; but this is wholly attributable to the subject. Another such drama as that the materials of which are furnished by Goethe's philosophical poem was not to be expected; and even had such another been attainable M. Gounod would scarcely have acted wisely in measuring himself against himself. The delicate pastoral of *Mireio* offered a new field for the exercise of his graceful fancy; and the music it has suggested is fair compensation for all that his collaborator, M. Michel Carré, was compelled to reject, in dramatizing, after the prevailing fashion, a poem the incidents and personages of which were never conceived with a view to the theatre. If M. Carré's raid into the unfamiliar realm imagined by the genius of M. Frédéric Mistral may be likened to the progress of an eager woodman, axe in hand, through a virgin forest of the New World, felling, right and left, every object that impedes his advance; if, too—as an accomplished French critic (M. Jouvin) has remarked—the desert of La Crau, dreamt of by the Provençal poet, became realized in the work of the Parisian librettist; on the other hand, M. Gounod has contrived, with the assistance of his own beautiful art, to endow the meridian fiction with new interest, to present it under a new aspect, to breathe into it a new life. For every young tree cut down from the poet's woodland the composer has substituted a melody, as young and fresh; while the music of the careless shepherd, which consoles even the worn and stricken Mireille, is an oasis whence the spectator can survey the wide and desert plain with self-satisfied complacency. To set *Mireio* to music, and preserve intact its characteristics as a poem, would never have occurred even to that scorner of improbabilities, M. Richard Wagner (whose *Tristan* and whose *Rheingold* are, nevertheless, unanimously judged impossible). But why the pretty idyll round and about which the modern "troufleur" has built up his poetic structure should not be used, in its primitive condition, for the purposes of opera, it is hard to guess. What M. Mistral effected for it as a poet M. Gounod has effected for it as a musician: and we are greatly in error if M. Gounod's new production does not hold its own, even against the overwhelming popularity of *Faust* and *Margaret*. In the representation at Her Majesty's Theatre there are omissions which make it difficult for those unacquainted with the poem to know exactly what the story is about. The contest between Ourrias, the furious *dompteur de lauroux*, with Vincent, the basket-maker, whose possession of Mireille's affections has aroused the jealousy and exasperated the temper of his rival, is essential to a proper understanding of the context. It is because Mireille supposes her favored lover to have been killed by her rejected suitor that she undertakes, in consonance with an old vow, the pilgrimage of the *Saintes Maries*. The duet, then, in which this incident is set forth, should certainly be restored, even if in a curtailed form, and even if the supernatural episode of the "*Nuit de St. Médard*," where Ourrias meets the punishment due to his crime in the waters of the Rhone, be altogether abandoned. Moreover, we cannot help thinking that, though the duet might be reconsidered, some of the very best music in the opera accompanies this situation—the instrumental prelude and chorus ("Voici le Val d'Enfer") especially, the opening theme of which has been arraigned as a plagiarism from Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando*, for the piano, though beyond the fact that both are in six-eight time and in the key of F sharp minor, there is no resemblance whatever. Next, in the scene of the Desert, the original song of Andreoloux, the Shepherd ("Le jour se leve")—preceded and followed by the ethereally monotonous symphony à la "Pifferari" for oboe and clarinet—should be restored, and the delicious air "Heureux petit Berger," now allotted to the Shepherd, given back to Mireille, its proper owner. This would not only preserve the delicate musical framework in which the composer has set this incident—intended, no doubt, as a grateful relief to the music of the *Val d'Enfer* immediately preceding, and the mirage of the "New Jerusalem," conjured up by Mireille's distracted brain, immediately succeeding it—but it would also account for the apparition of the Shepherd, who now has positively nothing to do with the story, standing much in the same light as "Sir Harry with a song" in the *School for Scandal*, and without the very natural excuse of having some convivial companions to listen to it. Madame Volpini, who gives the song which is not the Shepherd's with such piquant liveliness, would give the song which is the Shepherd's just as cleverly; Mdlle. Tietjens (Mireille) would be reinstated in her rights; the Shepherd's advent, and his temporary influence on the spirits of the wearied pilgrim, would be intelligible; and the whole would have a meaning plain

enough for the comprehension of the slowest-witted looker-on. The time saved by omitting the Shepherd's original song is scarcely three minutes, and for this "salvage" both author and composer are ruthlessly sacrificed. To have done with objections: we must also protest against Mireille's sudden recovery, in the last scene, as inconsistent, absurd, and superfluous,—indeed, as a poor and commonplace expedient. By all means let her die, as in the original. As well might Margaret be brought to life in the last scene of *Faust*. Because there is an apotheosis in *Faust*, that is no reason why the dénouement of *Mireille* should be turned topsy-turvy. The first act is perfect in every sense—compact in form and everywhere effective. The overture is as pretty and lively as it is characteristic; every phrase of the two-part chorus for women's voices ("Chantez, chantez magnanailles")—sung at the "Cueillette," by the gatherers of mulberry leaves—is fresh and tuneful; the entry of the "wise woman," Taven, is effectively contrasted with the joyous strains of the young girls; the love duet between Mireille and Vincent ("Vincennette a votre age"), in which the most graceful melody of the overture reappears, is faultless in its way; and the return to the first subject of the opening chorus, at the close, is not alone grateful, inasmuch as the repetition of so engaging a melody can hardly be unwelcome, but endows the whole with a completeness thoroughly artistic. This act—which is so brief that it might more reasonably be designated "prologue" than what is so entitled in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*—must have occurred to M. Gounod just as it stands; at any rate, it seems to have been written off with a single "trait de plume." The second act, opening no less happily, with a spirited dance and chorus, "*La Farandole*"—a sort of characteristic *danse du pays*, kept up with unflagging vigour and instrumented for the orchestra with the composer's accustomed felicity—though not, like its precursor, one uninterrupted scene, is of higher musical importance, and illustrated with far greater variety. Besides the quaint and melodious *Chanson de Magali* ("La brise est douce et parfumée")—that sweet and fantastic love song of the South, with its changes of time from bar to bar (not a new expedient, by the way), which, sung by Mireille and Vincent, arrests the progress of the after-resumed "*Farandole*,"—this act contains three solos, all excellent, but one especially noticeable. The song of Taven—"Voici la saison, mignonne" (so admirably given by Mdlle. Trebelli)—is among the most original and genial pieces in the opera. Strongly marked character was never more happily united to genuine and spontaneous melody. Here, again, too, admiration is inevitably excited by M. Gounod's masterly accompaniments; but as in the treatment of the orchestra he excels most living composers, and as, moreover, his *Mireille* displays his genius as a musical colorist more or less brilliantly in every piece, it would take up a greater amount of space than we can possibly afford to dwell upon any single instance. In its way, too, the one solo given to Ourrias (how well sung by Mr. Santley has been recorded)—"Si les filles d'Arles sont reines"—is just as good and quite as original as that of Taven. Rude and at the same time earnest courtship has rarely found more eloquent interpretation in musical sounds. The slow movement of Mireille's grand air ("Mon cœur ne peut changer") is extremely beautiful, both in its theme and in the harmony which clothes it; less new, if not less effective, is the *allegro* ("A toi mon âme, je suis ta femme") with which it terminates, and which the glowing and superb delivery of Mdlle. Tietjens renders so striking and impressive. The *finale* to this act, although embodying the most dramatically important situation in the drama, is not, in our opinion, that in which M. Gounod has been most successful. The freshness, the attractive individuality, which we find in every other part of *Mireille* is, in a great measure, absent from this. The declamatory phrases allotted to Ramon, indignant that his daughter should presume to reject the advances of Ourrias, whom he has selected as her future husband, are vigorous, no doubt (and Signor Junca recites them with unmistakable emphasis); the impassioned appeal of Mireille ("A vos pieds, hélas!") is wedded to a really impassioned melody; the respective characters of Ambroise, Vincent's father, and Vincennette, his sister (in which M. Gassier and Mdlle. Reboux show how much can be done by intelligent acting, for parts comparatively of little significance) are prominently brought out; and the *stretto*, or conclusion, in which the chorus and all the principals, including Vincent, are engaged, is sonorous and massive, though but timidly developed. Nevertheless, the *finale* is not a grand *finale*, not entirely up to the situation, and, as we have hinted, not so exclusively M. Gounod's own property, rare passages excepted, as anything else in the work. This, however, merely strengthens an opinion which prevails with musical judges, that in the composition of elaborate concerted pieces M. Gounod lacks the faculty to shine. Were it otherwise, he would possess an undisputed right to the commanding position claimed for him by his most zealous partizans, among living composers for the stage. Of the third act it is unnecessary to add anything to what is contained in the preamble to this short analysis. Nor, after the observations on the scene in the Desert of La Crau, is it requisite to

do more than point to the harvest chorus ("Amis, voici la moisson faite"), which, full of character and genuine tune, opens, in M. Gounod's happiest and most brilliant manner, the fourth; if not, indeed, to bestow a word of unqualified praise on the very charming and melodious duet, "Ah parles encore" (sung and acted to perfection by Mdlle. Tietjens and Reboux), in which Mireille, learning from Vincennette the disaster supposed to have occurred to her lover, resolves upon undertaking the pilgrimage to the *Saintes Maries*; and to invite attention to the solo of Mireille, on beholding the mirage on the far horizon of the Desert, as at least (if nothing more elevated) one of the most forcible declamatory passages of the opera, and one in which the splendid vocal powers of Mdlle. Tietjens are exhibited to singular advantage. The last act—where the goal of the constant and intrepid pilgrim is reached—is short, but to the purpose. The opening march and Chorus of Filgrims ("Vous qui du haut des cieux"), naïf in melody and unambitious in construction, is at the same time gorgeously instrumented, and paints the situation with a master hand. The soliloquy of the despairing Vincent ("Mon cœur est plein du noir souci") is expressive, and sung with such refined expression by Signor Giuglini as would enlist the sympathies of an audience under any circumstances. Still we cannot but think that the absence of a carefully worked out duet between the lovers—who, having each faithfully redeemed the pledge of days gone by, unexpectedly meet before the Church of the *Saintes Maries*, would naturally indulge in a certain amount of rapture after their forced severance—is hardly atoned for by a more or less sentimental solo for the tenor. The *finale*, however, in which the church organ, heard from within, plays its part with appropriate solemnity—is truly impressive, the principal theme, like that in the final trio of *Faust*, being one of those large and penetrating melodies which M. Gounod, after the late Meyerbeer, whose disciple in this instance (as in some others) he may be fairly proclaimed, has best the secret of producing. There are certain alterations in the last act which we can scarcely regard as improvements on the original, but not of sufficient consequence to interfere with the general effect. To conclude that the opera of *Mireille* is worthy the composer of *Faust* seems to us incontestable, and that it will steadily make its way in public esteem can hardly admit of a doubt.

The performance, of which we were able to speak so favorably some days since, has ripened into excellence. The principal singers—Mdlle. Tietjens, Trebelli, Volpini, Reboux and Moya, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Santley, MM. Junca and Gassier—one and all do their best, while Signor Arditi and his band merit unqualified eulogium. To cite a solitary instance—the duet between oboe and clarinet (Messrs. Crozier and Pollard), in the charming pastoral symphony of the Desert scene, is as perfect an example of delicate instrumental execution as we can remember. The chorus, wherever the men's voices are employed, is unexceptionable; but in the chorus of the "Cueillette," in the delicious idyll with which the opera commences, either the difference of pitch between the Paris and London orchestras (fully half a tone) distresses the singers, or the women's voices in Mr. Mapleson's theatre want reinforcement. Of Mr. Telbin's work we have spoken. From the scene of the mulberry plantation (Act I.) to that of the *Saintes Maries* (Act V.) every *tableau* is so picturesque and true to nature that we should regret the omission of the *Vai d'Enfer*, if only for the sake of Mr. Telbin's share in it.

THE NAVAL YARD, DEAL.—By order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the important freehold estate, containing the whole of the Naval Yard with the extensive buildings, dwelling houses, &c., with a large house in Queen Street formerly the Port Admiral's residence, and ground in Prospect Place, Deal, was sold by auction yesterday at Garraway's by Mr. Murrell, auctioneer, under the direction of Mr. Bristow, the solicitor to the Admiralty. In consequence of the opening of the new pier, which extends far out into the sea, and the proposed erection of harbour and docks, the sale excited more than ordinary interest. Garraway's was crowded to excess. After various questions had been asked the bidding commenced at £5000, and after a most spirited contest the property was knocked down to the Conservative Land Society at £13,200. A portion of the property can be retained as a Naval Yard and the remainder turned into building land, the want of houses being much felt at Deal. The esplanade frontage to the sea is 800 feet, and the frontage to the Dover and Walmer Road is more than 800 feet. The property abuts on Deal Castle and commands fine views of the sea coast, and is also opposite the anchorage of the fleet when in the Downs.

DRESDEN.—The conference of the General Committee of the German Vocal Union (Sängerbund) with the Select Committee of the Second German Vocal Festival, will, at the especial desire of the former, be held here on the 25th and 26th September next.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—May I add the following remarks to those which you kindly inserted in your valuable journal. If the notion, that a theory is good because it is universally adopted, had prevailed with every one, where would now be those improvements and inventions by which the world has been made better? It may be true that within the last fifty years harpists have been in the habit of playing upon the right-hand shoulder, and it is equally as true that horse-power once supplied that of steam, which we now enjoy.

To clearly demonstrate the absurdity of thus sitting upon the left-hand side of the instrument, let me again point out that, by doing so, the extreme pedal, A, is so inconveniently placed, that the effort of the right foot to gain access to it causes the body to shift awkwardly to and fro, whereas, by sitting upon the opposite side, the *pedal work is equally divided* (allowing one less for the left foot), and the performer can be *posed right behind*. The process of pulling, peculiar to the harp, requires that the hands, on quitting the strings, should escape towards the body; and hence the absolute necessity for the equilibrium which is obtained by this *central* position. It is easy to realize how such a disposition of the body must ensure steadiness upon the seat, to the neglect of which must be attributed the bodily contortions so common to harpists. Indeed, any mode of holding the instrument which has a tendency to dislodge it from the performer's grasp must affect the touch, besides giving him an inelegant appearance. If the player is ill at ease, there will be an uncertainty in taking the note; and common sense is sufficient to show, that, if the pulling power is directed *side-ways*, instead of towards the body, the capacity for execution is materially diminished. That the idea of placing the right hand in the treble was conceived at the time the pianoforte began to be known, is proved by every representation of harp players from the earliest ages up to that time. And it is easy to understand that pianists studying the harp would naturally give the left hand to the bass, as they did upon the piano, without entering upon the question of choice in the matter. If it were necessary to corroborate my previous statement, I could produce the individual who would give substantial evidence, that Mr. Bochs, with his own lips, gave the preference to sitting on the side of the extra pedal. And if we examine his instruction book ("six weeks, first day"), we shall discover another potent reason which led him to this conclusion. The elevation of the bass hand, and its consequent lack of support upon the edge of the sounding board, he considered so serious an impediment to its manipulation as to necessitate the introduction of a "bracelet," which "machine," he said, was intended to *hold the arm*, and thus "*diminish the stiffness and fatigue attending this circumstance*." But why not allot this, comparatively speaking, arduous responsibility, to the more powerful right hand, which would need no "relief" nor a sling to prop it up. Now it is, we can account for the absence of a proper *timbre* in the bass, complained of as characterising the playing of harpists in general; the placing of the weakest hand at the bottom of the harmony producing an unsatisfactory inequality. But although Mr. Bochs was alluded to, *en passant*, it would be as unreasonable to quote him as an undisputed authority in elementary matters connected with the harp at this period, as it would be to quote Mozart in criticising modern pianoforte playing. Bochs's pupils are old men, and he was young when he wrote his instruction books fifty years ago. The harp itself, too, was then in its infancy, "the extent of the strings taken horizontally," as he said, "from the smallest to the thickest, not exceeding 21 inches." Let me add that his music is now unpopular; and I mean to bring to light other great defects in his school, which his pupils have inherited from him.

It is not tenacity of grasp so much as delicacy of touch which the hand, engaged among the finer strings needs; and it is a mistake to imagine that the left hand is less susceptible than the right one of cultivation for the execution of difficult passages. But even admitting its supposed inferiority as an argument against placing it in the treble, no harpist can deny the unpleasant fact of his being obliged positively to flatten the right hand in order to get its fingers upon the uppermost strings, where the space between the brass plates and the sounding board, in which to manipulate, is *exactly two inches*! Let the pianist thrust one of his hands inside the case, when it is down, in order to play upon the wires inside, and he will have some idea of this serious obstacle.

To imagine that playing with the left hand up is suited alone, or at all, to the Welsh harp, would be to manifest a total ignorance of that instrument; for, on account of the strings being placed on the *contrary* side of the curve to the pedal harp, the *very same impediment occurs* as that which belongs to the prevailing manner of holding the latter.

And, although I am a Welshman (and enjoy a reputation of playing Welsh melodies with good effect), I am not essentially a "Welsh harper," but an aspirant for the honors due to musicians that can

interpret every style of music. Nor am I left-handed in anything whatever; but I should certainly consider myself to be so upon the harp if I reversed the natural order of things, as those do who bestow the strength which a house needs at its foundation in the garret above. I congratulate myself upon being a self-taught harpist, so as to have escaped the faults which I am now exposing. No! my remarks are especially intended to apply to Sebastian Erard's newly invented double-action harp, and quite as particularly to the manner in which that noble instrument is now played; and, in conclusion, I would say it will be impossible for it to regain its former popularity as long as this and other obstacles in the way of learning it are left unremoved.

APTOMMAS.

ADELINA PATTI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The seventh of the series of grand opera concerts, on Saturday (July 9th), drew together an assemblage of nearly eight thousand visitors. On this occasion the programme was rendered exceptionally brilliant by the presence, for the first time during the present season, of Mdle. Adelina Patti. Those who listened to this incomparable vocalist when she sang at the Crystal Palace last year will not need to be reminded with what marvellous clearness and beauty the bright and penetrating tones of her delicious voice rang then throughout every part of the vast area of the central transept, and the same precious quality characterized her singing on Saturday, enabling those who were most remote to derive full enjoyment from the liquid beauty of her exquisite organ and her matchless skill in its management. Mdle. Adelina Patti was enthusiastically greeted when she made her appearance in the great Handel Orchestra; she was in admirable voice, and her singing has never been surpassed even by herself. She first gave "Vedrai carino" with all the vocal perfection and emotional delicacy which she has already rendered familiar to every frequenter of the Royal Italian Opera in her rendering of this charming inspiration; the aria was vociferously encoored and applauded to the echo on its repetition. But she achieved a still more signal triumph by her delicious singing of our own native "Home, sweet home." Perfect simplicity, thrilling tenderness, and deep though gentle pathos could not have been more strikingly combined than in her delivery of this delightful song, which is connected in almost everybody's mind with some cherished associations; she not only gave the keenest gratification to the ear, but stirred the heart and moistened many eyes. As a matter of course she was encoored, and listened to the second time with wholly undiminished pleasure.

The other singers were Madame Fricci, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Attri and Herr Schmidt, whose exertions were rewarded by warm and deserved applause. The orchestra played the overtures to *Leonora* and *Guillaume Tell*. The charms of the Crystal Palace are at this moment at their zenith. Within doors the nave is everywhere richly decked with luxuriant verdure, offering a *coup-d'œil* which it would be impossible to match elsewhere; and in every part of the park the profuse beauties of Nature, which Art has trained without trammeling, are in the rich fullness of their ripe bloom.

COVENTRY FISH.

THE DUNDEE ORGAN.

The *Dundee Advertiser*, of June 25, has an article on the inauguration of Messrs. Forster and Andrews' first organ in Dundee, of which we reproduce as much as our limited space will permit:—

"The fine instrument which is erected in St. Andrew's Catholic Chapel was opened last night by Mr. Broughton, organist of St. Anne's Catholic Chapel, Leeds. The audience was large and highly influential, and comprised many of the musical élite of the town. The programme consisted of the entire of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, selections from *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, the *Creation*, &c., and organ solos. The vocal soloists were Miss Lindley, Miss Seager, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Rutherford. Miss Lindley's most successful effort was, "With Verdure Clad," which she sang with much taste and expression. Miss Seager was also well received in the duet, "Quis est homo." Mr. Inkersall's abilities as a concert tenor singer are well known amongst us, but this is the first time we have met with him as an interpreter of oratorio music. His "Cujus Animam," "If with all your hearts," and "In Native Worth," were most satisfactory. Mr. Rutherford, of Dundee, fully sustained his reputation. The chorus, which consisted of the choir of St. Andrew's Chapel and a number of amateurs, assisted by the Messrs. Conolly, from Edinburgh, was under the direction of Mr. Pearman of this town. There were two chorales from *St. Paul*, "Sleepers, wake," and "To God on high," and two choruses from the *Creation*, "The Lord is great," and "Achieved is the glorious work," all creditably sung. The solos played by Mr. Broughton were Mendelssohn's "Grand Organ Sonata," No. 4, and the *Andante* from

Haydn's No. 3 Symphony, known as the "Surprise Movement." Mr. Broughton's "Surprise" was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. The audience evidently wanted more of such playing, and Mr. Broughton humoured them by playing the March from *Athalie*, by Mendelssohn, which served as contrast to Haydn's popular *Andante*."

A full and elaborate account of the new organ follows, which we also lay before our readers:—

"The capabilities of the organ were so thoroughly brought out by the organist as to create but one opinion of its excellence. The diapasons—a portion of which stand in the front of the organ—are especially noticeable for their full, massive, and pervading firmness of tone; and would themselves sustain a choir. Excellence in diapasons is a crucial test of good organ building, both as showing that the builders understand their business, and that they have not stinted the quantity of metal. The relation which these stops bear to the rest of the organ will be seen by the contents of the following specification:—

"GREAT ORGAN—CC to G—56 Notes.—1. Open Diapason, 8 feet; 2. Dulciana, 8 feet; 3. Stopped Diapason, bass, 8 feet tone; 4. Stopped Diapason, treble, 8 feet tone; 5. Principal, 4 feet; 6. Dulcet Harmonic Flute, 4 feet; 7. Twelfth, 2½; 8. Fifteenth, 2; 9. Mixture—3 ranks, various.

"SWELL ORGAN—CC to G—56 Notes.—1. Lieblich Bourdon, 16 feet tone; 2. Open Diapason, 8 feet; 3. Rohr Flöte, 8 feet; 4. Flute d'Amour, 8 feet; 5. Spire Flute, 4 feet; 6. Fifteenth, 2 feet; 7. Oboe, 8 feet; 8. Cornopean, 8 feet.

"PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to D—27 Notes.—1. Bourdon, 16 feet tone; 2. Violoncello, 8 feet.

"COUPLERS.—1. Great to Pedals; 2. Swell to Pedals; 3. Swell to Great. Three Composition Pedals, double acting.

"In addition to the Diapasons, we must notice the Dulcet Harmonic Flute in the Great Organ. This is one of the German Stops introduced into this country by Herr Schultze, and is the nearest approach to the flute of any stop yet manufactured. It was used very prominently in the accompaniment to "With verdure clad," for which its sweetness rendered it peculiarly suitable. Another of the German stops is the Lieblich Bourdon, in the Swell, the treble of which being metal forms a beautiful solo stop. We must notice, too, the Rohr Flöte and the Spire Flute—also German stops—both of which are charming stops of their kind—the former the deeper and fuller of the two, and the latter lighter and more elegant. But of all the German stops commend us to the Flute d'Amour for quality. The tone of this stop, when the venetians were closed, was so soft and mellow that one could scarcely believe it possible that it proceeded from so majestic an instrument. Of the reed stops we must also speak in terms of the highest praise;—the cornopean—which will do duty as a trumpet—being a powerful and rich stop, without any signs of that harshness so difficult to avoid in reeds. The oboe is a close imitation of the instrument it represents, and is the lightest of the reed stops.

"It may be judged from what we have above written regarding the individual merits of the stops, that their combined effect was also very fine. In the instrumental solos and in the accompaniments, the body was entirely satisfactory—full, round, and ringing, without shrillness or undue predominance of either. The sound, indeed, blended so sweetly with the voices in the solos that in the sympathy between them the ear sometimes failed to distinguish the one from the other. The musical part of the audience, one and all, as far as we have heard their comments, were well satisfied with the instrument; and the opinion of the organist was to the same effect. Mr. Forster's next organ for this quarter will be the one for the Rev. Mr. Davidson's new church in Loches—a much larger one than that now opened. It is expected to be ready by September, when our music-loving citizens may again expect a treat."

GERMAN THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—There are at the present time in Germany 165 theatres. Of these 19 are really "Court-theatres," or theatres supported by reigning princes; 12 Town-theatres of the first class; 28 theatres of the second class; 39 Town-theatres of the third class; and 67 strolling companies, 20 of which enjoy a very good reputation and are in a satisfactory financial condition. The number of actors, singers and dancers living in Germany is 6000, and that of the choristers and officials about 8000.

ROBBERY AT MESSRS. CRAMER AND Co.'s.—A robbery was discovered on Wednesday morning to have been committed at Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.'s establishment in Regent Street during the time of closing on Tuesday night and the re-opening on Wednesday morning. About £20 was abstracted from the till. A large iron safe containing money and valuable securities, however, defied the efforts of the burglars, and they decamped with but a small portion of their expected booty.

REMINISCENCES OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

By J. P. LYSER.*

The grief caused by the unexpected and sudden death of Meyerbeer is so general and sincere, on both sides of the ocean—being shared even by those who never had an opportunity of knowing him personally—that I need not, probably, assure the reader that I, too, was deeply shocked at the sad event. With Meyerbeer died the last of the great German composers, with whom I was, at an early period, on terms of friendship—having partially commenced my modest artistic career simultaneously with them—and with whom I remained on the same terms to their decease, which, alas! happened too soon!

After what I have said, the reader will easily understand that I was not, immediately after Meyerbeer's death, in a fit state of mind to give the public my reminiscences of the deceased composer, my late friend. I thought, too, how painfully so early a publication of those reminiscences would affect the noble-minded widow and the daughters, to whom Meyerbeer, scarcely buried at the time to which I refer, was, during his lifetime, so lovingly attached. For this reason more especially, I should have deferred still longer the publication of the following facts had I not found, by sad experience, that the rude spirit of speculation, with its want of feeling, had already begun to collect everything relating to Meyerbeer's life and deeds, and, mixing up falsehood with truth, in the most inconsistent fashion, to extol, in the open market, to the deceased master's friends and admirers, a conglomeration of more than ordinary imbecility and lies. To meet, in a spirit of decided opposition, this unworthy conduct on the part of unconscientious speculators, I look upon as a duty all the more sacred, because, even among those who were personally more closely related to the master than I, there was, perhaps, scarcely one who felt an inclination or the vocation to undertake what I resolved to undertake. Rossini and Auber, who certainly possess the power, would hardly think of such a thing. For Meyerbeer's nearest relatives the matter would, I should say, be attended with the greatest difficulties, because in more intimate family and social circles Meyerbeer spoke but seldom of art generally, and never, except by way of allusion, to his own productions. He required to have with him persons who could comprehend his hints quickly and correctly—who could even continue the subject, and who, when such a course was needful, did not fear to contradict him; then, though not till then, he would, like Goethe under similar circumstances, grow warm and communicative, giving utterance to much which he would otherwise have kept back even from his most confidential friends.

My acquaintanceship with Meyerbeer's talent and views was brought about a long time since by the articles published by Gottfried Weber and Rochlitz in the *Cécilie* and the *Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*; to Meyerbeer, the man, I was first introduced by my countryman and his own, as well as Gottfried Weber's fellow-pupil under the Abbé Vogler: I mean Carl Maria von Weber. As we all know, Meyerbeer's earliest operas met with but small encouragement in Germany. Even *Die Kreuzritter* would not really take, though Carl Maria von Weber gave himself all the pains in the world to prepare the Dresden public for rightly understanding it; Weber never for a moment, in any instance, doubted Meyerbeer's unusual natural gifts. "Let him quietly proceed in his search for what is right," Weber used to reply to Meyerbeer's opponents of that period; "he will soon find it, for there is too much of the German element in him for him to remain long contented with foreign tin-kettle playing." Weber was pretty safe in prophesying, for, neither to himself nor to others did he disguise the fact that Meyerbeer had studied music more thoroughly than he had. "I have still got a great deal to acquire which Jacob and Gottfried learned while with the Abbé Vogler," was Weber's confession. Vogler himself declared Gottfried Weber to be his most profound pupil; Meyerbeer, his most cultivated and clever; and C. M. von Weber, his most giddy-headed one—as, indeed, at that period, Weber was. He said, however, that all three were endowed, though differently, with genius.

When Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was first produced at Leipzig, I happened to be there, writing for my friend, Julius Campe, the musical pocket-book: *Cécilie*. The extraordinary sensation created in Germany by *Robert*, induced me to make two

sketches from subjects in the opera, and to affix to the *Cécilie* one of the sketches: "Alice hastening to the Cross, while Bertram rushes from the Cave." Though the execution was very defective—I myself had jotted down the sketch upon stone—it was this very sketch which attracted Meyerbeer's attention to my humble self. He afterwards said to me in Vienna that my wild lines pleased him far more than the magnificent engraving on copper which Winckler (Theod. Hell) had had engraved for his pocket-book *Penelope*, after a masterly drawing by the celebrated Moritz Retsch, in Dresden. On my taking what he said for a joke, and laughing, Meyerbeer became almost angry, and observed: "You know that I never joke about such matters! Retsch has drawn the scene! You, the music." The remark struck me somewhat, and nearly made me feel quite proud, for I recollected how Goethe had previously requested me: "To draw him, in outline, upon a piece of paper, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*." Just as I was about to set about the task, Goethe died; the sketch is now finished, but no publisher can be found for it.

When Robert Schumann, in conjunction with Friedrich Wieck, Carl Bank, and that talented poet, August Bürc, afterwards so indescribably unfortunate, founded the *Neue Leipziger Musik-Zeitung*, which was soon joined by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Dr. Glass, Alfred Becher (shot under martial law, at Vienna, in 1848), and the present editor of the paper, Dr. Brendel, I wrote for my friend Schumann the story of *Vater Döles und seine Freunde*. I did not sign it, but simply published it as: "From the journal of an old Pupil of the Thomas School," and Friedrich Rochlitz was pointed out by all the people of Leipsic as the author. Even Finck thought for a long time he was so, and Rochlitz subsequently complimented me "for having, on the whole, so well caught his tone." Two persons, however, not in the secret, singled me out: Mozart's son, Wolfgang Amadeus, and Meyerbeer. The former said to me in Dresden: "My mother told you that, did not she?" While Meyerbeer, a master in musical style, immediately perceived from sundry: "cross capers and cabrioles," that no one but myself could have written *Master Döles*. He asked: who was the model of Lenchen* Döles. As I did not feel inclined to return an immediate answer, he named Clara Schumann, and now, after the lapse of thirty years, I frankly confess that, up to this day, I do not know with whom I was then, at one and the same time, most desperately in love, Clara Wieck, Livia Gerhardt, or Francilla Pixis. I think I loved them all with equal fire, and all three floated before my mind when I conceived the picture of my Lenchen.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF M. ZELGER.—The death of that very excellent and popular artist, M. Zelger, who for nearly a dozen years held the post of *primo basso* at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced in the French and Belgian papers. M. Zelger died at Ghent after a long and painful illness, supposed to be brought on by a poisoning of the blood caused by the use of white lead. It is said that some three years since M. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in *Guillaume Tell* at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition which in the course of the night brought on a violent fit of vomiting which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time his health was never completely restored, and he sank in all probability a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness. M. Zelger had been honorably known in England previous to his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, and came over in 1846 as one of the Belgian company, with M. and Madame Laborde, M. Massol, &c., &c. Although hardly entitled to be called a first class artist, his fine voice, correct style of singing, and imposing appearance, made him a great acquisition at the Covent Garden Opera; and indeed it has been found no easy matter to fill up the void he has left in such parts as Walter in *Guillaume Tell*, Baldassare in *La Favorita*, Oroveso in *Norma*, the Doctor in *La Traviata*, and the Sherriff in *Martha*.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK left London for Madrid on Wednesday. The new opera-house opens shortly, and Signor Tamberlik is to sing on the first night.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

* "Lenchen" is the German diminutive for "Ellen."

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC.

A Lecture delivered on the 23rd April, 1864, before the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein"

By
EMIL NAUMANN.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other;
Thou lov'st to hear the soft melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes,
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes;
One God is god of both, so poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

These lines emanate from the pen of the poet whose close and profound connection with music will form the subject of the words which I shall have the honor to address to you—from the man whose natal hour struck three hundred years ago to-day, and whose name is, at the present time, encircled with the admiration of the whole world.

Shakespeare, the greatest poet of any age, first beheld the light of day on the 23rd April, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon.—Next to his countrymen, the English, we Germans have, probably, especial reason to honor the memory of this prince of poets. It was by him no less than by the intellectual civilization of classical antiquity that our own literature raised itself into independent and national life. In opposition to the influences of bastard French art, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller, pointed, as far as a century back, to Shakespeare, as to a model, never to be equalled, and as to the deliverer, who alone could lead us back again to truth and nature. Such men as Schröder, Kaufmann, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Count Wolf von Baudissin, Karl Simrock, and Franz Dingelstedt, were actuated in their labors by the same spirit, and, by presenting us with masterly translations, followed up the impulse given by the heroes of our classical literature. These translations are, to some extent, of such high value, and we Germans are so familiar with them, that they have completely rendered the great Englishman a part of the intellectual wealth of our nation.

But, besides the German nation generally, we musicians more especially have reason to remember the great poet with gratitude and admiration. We refer the reader to the motto prefixed to our observations, and, starting from it, dwell to-day with more than ordinary emphasis on the maxim, so frequently quoted, that a bond of most intimate relationship twines round all the arts. In consequence, however, of the still more intimate connection which we find existing, within this relationship, between separate art-groups, our—that is, musicians'—right to yet nearer affinity with Shakespeare may, perhaps, be rendered more apparent than any other. Just as, on the one side, the plastic arts—Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting—grasp each other by the hand as sisters in a peculiar kind of art, on the other side, music and poetry stand opposite them, as sisters bound together in a manner no less intimate and peculiar.

That I may be able to exhibit to you Shakespeare as the poet in whom the musical element is most lavishly and most frequently wedded to the poetical, I must beg permission first to attempt a survey of the mutual influence of poetry and music upon one another, as they are historically known to us.

In the most remote times, we find music and poetry blended in an almost indissoluble manner. All primitive poetry is of a religious purport, and, when we first meet with tune, that, also, is most undoubtedly employed to offer up hymns in honor of the Divinity or the gods. Nay, the connection between the two arts, on this their first appearance, is so close, that, in many cases, it is absolutely impossible to decide which of the two art-elements, *tune* or *language*, was the first to gain a definite shape in the breast of untutored man, following unconsciously his natural inward impulses. At any rate, the one did not remain long without the other, and, in most cases, both probably grew simultaneously like two branches of one and the same trunk, as we learn from national songs.

The proof of this is furnished by Indians, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Jews, the oldest civilised peoples known to us, in the progressive connection in which music and poetry are exhibited among them. With regard to the Indians, we will remind our readers only of the religious songs intended for music in the Vedas; of the dance, accompanied by religious hymns, of the sacred virgins (Bayaderes); of the song accompanied by the "Wina" (most probably a stringed instrument) in *Sakontala*, etc., etc.—Herodotus says of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and races near them, when he is touching upon a most primitive religious song common to them all: "The Egyptians have a song, the 'Linos,' found, also, in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and elsewhere, but having different names according to the different peoples. It is proved, however, to be the same the Helenes sing under the name of 'Linos.' But, in Egyptian, it is called 'Mancros.'"

Even still more developed and close than among the above civilized nations before the epoch of Grecian Antiquity appears the connection between Music and Poetry among the Israelites. As early as in the second book of Moses we read after the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea: "And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them: Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."—But it is in the Psalms that the old indissoluble connection of religious poetry with song is exhibited in its last and most complete shape. Here even the most varied and practical musical directions have been preserved. For instance, at the commencement of the 4th Psalm we read: "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth, a Psalm of David."* Or, "To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith," as at Psalm 6.† Or, "To the chief Musician upon Githith," as at Psalm 8. Or lastly, "A song of degrees,"‡ as at Psalm 120, &c. Still more essential evidence of this complete blending with song is exhibited by the Psalms in their parallel system of verses, calculated for delivery by alternate choruses, and by the refrains, in this fashion significant only with musical treatment, such as we meet with in the 136th and other Psalms.

With the Greeks begins a new section in the history of the connection between poetry and music. It is true that here, too, we find the most ancient religious hymns indissolubly connected with song.—But poetry and the plastic art soon became so exceptionally developed, that, despite the perfection to which they had attained in and of themselves, music and painting, as far as the first two arts were concerned, adopted more than aught else a relation of imitation, or of subordinate development pursued in a kindred manner. It is, however, significative for the blending of poetry and music, a blending which, among the Greeks as among other nations, was primitively one of perfect equality between the two component parts, that, when speaking of the influence of the "singers," Homer evidently employs the term "singer" quite as much to designate the poet as the composer. It is here perfectly plain that the matter declaimed and characterized merely by the word "song" applies quite as much to the subject-matter as to the strain. How intimately the Greek poet was acquainted with the most touching and moving effects of music upon the human mind; how strong is the relationship of the two arts to each other, and how complete the understanding existing between the poet and the composer, is proved us by the fact that when Penelope, in her apartment up-stairs, hears "the heavenly strain" of the singer, singing of Troy, she comes down weeping into the men's apartment, and asks for another song, because the first breaks her heart, or that when Odysseus, among the Phœnicians, conceals his head, as the singer, striking the golden chords, speaks of the hero's brothers-in-arms who have fallen, or of the woes of the weeping hero himself, not supposing that the latter is listening to him.

(To be continued.)

* The German rendering of the above is: "Vorzusingen auf Saitenspielen"—literally: "To be sung publicly on stringed instruments."

† In German: "Vorzusingen auf acht Saiten"—"To be sung publicly on eight strings."

‡ In German: "Ein Lied im höheren Chor"—"A song in the higher chorus."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON

OF THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE

EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

BIRTH.

On Friday, the 15th instant, at her residence, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, the wife of DESMOND RYAN, Esq., of a daughter.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

ZUR Erinnerung an Louis Eller (*A Memoir of Louis Eller*) is the title of a small work (Rud. Kuntze, Dresden, 1864) which is well got up, and attempts, in only a few leading outlines but in an agreeable style, to present us with a picture of the above extraordinary artist. We cannot, indeed, refrain from regretting that the book is not more complete, though we are obliged to give the author credit for having disdained to swell his work out by æsthetical or psychological verbiage, such as we find in many biographers, or, to speak more correctly, book-makers. What he presents to us excites the profoundest sympathy for the man and the artist who, at the early age of forty-two, and far from his home, was snatched by death from a circle of loving friends and from the musical art. Even those persons who did not know, or who never heard, him, will read with interest the few pages written concerning him, and the disciple of art derive from the example of a German artist fresh and elevating encouragement, when he finds that an artistic nature is capable of developing itself and attaining a lofty end, by the force of will and industry, even when not favored by material circumstances.

Thus, though Eller—born on the 9th June, 1820, at Gratz—enjoyed the benefit of a good education under the roof of parents themselves well-educated, his father, an attorney, fell, through peculiar misfortunes, into a state of actual want. It was a piece of good fortune for the boy that, on account of his fine voice, he was received as a chorister in the Monastery at Kremsmünster, where he attended a good school, and, in the person of Herr Hysel, the *Capellmeister*, found one who carefully fostered his musical talent, and was, at the same time, his first and only violin-master.

When he was only a boy of nine, Eller created a sensation, at a concert given to show the progress made by some young musicians, but the sterling character of his father and of his master preserved him from the career of a boy phenomenon. It was not till the year 1836, that, on the solicitation of a high patroness, the Countess Pallavicini, his father went with him to Vienna. It so happened that, one day, the youth, then sixteen years of age, was asked, a few hours before a concert already announced, to take the

place of Herr Harfner,* a violinist, who had been suddenly attacked with illness. He consented, and requested only—a dress-coat and a better fiddle. His play afforded very great satisfaction. Even then the excellences for which it was afterwards especially distinguished were evident; they were purity, good-bowing, certainty and facility in all double stopping, and tasteful but unaffected execution.

Unfortunately, he soon afterwards was robbed by death of the patroness he had scarcely gained. He could not stay at Vienna. In the year 1842 we find him as leader, *Concertmeister*, at Salzburg. Prompted by his own inclination, he continued to raise himself more and more above the then popular productions of Mayseder and De Beriot. Instead of these works, he played the concertos of Vieuxtemps and Paganini, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He was also considered, even at that period, an excellent quartet player.

But his aspiring spirit did not allow him to remain long in so circumscribed a sphere. As far back as 1843 he took his violin literally upon his back; wandered on foot through the Tyrol and Switzerland, and arrived, by the way of Geneva, at Grenoble, with the notion of pushing forward, if possible, as far as Paris. It was in France that he obtained fame and happiness. On the 30th January, 1844, he gave his first concert at Lyons, and thence visited the large towns of the South, always with results in every respect gratifying. The news of his father's death called him home. But to his artistic aspirations there was now added his anxiety about his mother, to whom he devoted himself with the profoundest affection. In the following year, therefore, he once more, full of courage and confidence, left his native town; went, by way of Trieste, Venice and the north of Italy, to the south of France again, and a second time proceeded to Grenoble, where, in the family of a certain Colonel, he was, so to speak, at home.

He would willingly have gone off without delay to Paris. But he had still a bad instrument. He was compelled, therefore, to resume his tours in the South. During this second sojourn of his, he met with warm sympathy and an enthusiastic welcome everywhere. "One city"—says his biographer—"strove with the other as to who should best receive the young artist, and send him on, loaded with marks of distinction and honor, to the neighbouring town. The years 1846, 1847, thus glided away in a series of concerts, which caused him to remain a considerable time in Toulouse. It was here that a M. Séroz, a passionate lover of music, carried away by Eller's talent and character, made him a present of a valuable Straduarus. Though the latter would not have satisfied any very high artistic requirements, still it was an instrument on which Eller could rely at his concerts more than on the old one.—There would now have been nothing to prevent his making a journey to Paris, had it not been for an event which exercised a decided influence in causing him to make a longer stay in the South of France. This was his casual meeting with Ole Bull, whom he first saw in the house of the French Colonel, already mentioned, at Grenoble. The meeting had such an effect upon Eller, that it induced him to enjoy as long as possible the society of the distinguished visitor.—Eller's efforts, in the treatment of the violin, were always more especially exerted to bringing out all the peculiar character of the instrument, as opposed to the character of every other instrument, irrespective of what the violin can do, as an integral part of a whole, such as an orchestra, or a quartet, for instance.

"From an early period, he had felt convinced that the violin was capable of attaining greater independence than that usually attributed to it. On this account, he had especially cultivated the art of playing simultaneously upon several of its strings. How dear to him had Bach's 'Sonatas for the Violin alone' become for this reason, and how acutely did he regret that, in his early youth, the impulse towards the theoretical and productive side of music had not been

* Karl Harfner, born in 1815, a pupil of Mayseder and Jansa.

sufficiently excited and developed in him! He now met in Ole Bull an artist who was not only master of most of that which he thought ought to be got out of the instrument, and who not merely offered to tell him what he knew when asked, but did so unsolicited. As Eller was easily captivated and profoundly moved by everything great, he willingly abandoned himself altogether to the influence of his peculiar visitor, and, not without advantage to his art, enjoyed the pleasure of some weeks' friendly association with him."

The storms of 1848 frightened Eller from France, though in the beginning of 1850, we find him again in Toulouse, Pau, Bayonne, etc., and, finally, at the end of October, in Paris.

"The reception with which he here met, from the critics as well as from the public, was decidedly favorable, and men like Scudo, Henry Blanchard, Fiorentino, Boucher, Senr., and others, who, nine months previously, had applauded young Joachim, felt themselves carried away, by what Eller did, and manifested a lively appreciation of his peculiar excellencies."

How Eller made, in 1851, a journey to Spain, which he traversed in all directions; how he was welcomed, in 1852, at Lisbon, where, unfortunately, the germs of consumption which lurked in his system were so developed by a cold he caught, that thenceforth he could travel only in summer, spending the winter at Pau in the south of France, where, captivated by the bonds of deep and hearty friendship connecting him with a family of the town, and the mildness of the climate, he had found a second home; and how, in 1854, in Germany, which he travelled through for the first time, and afterwards in London, he met with the same high appreciation of his talents with which he had met on his repeated visits to Paris, are facts for which we must refer the reader to the book itself.

After his journey in Spain and Portugal, his health was greatly shaken. Enthusiasm for his art alone sustained him during the last six years of his life, and directly he grasped his instrument—he had purchased in 1855, at Paris, an excellent Joseph Guaneri for 5000 francs—gave his fingers and arm their old strength again. He visited Germany more frequently, the last time being in 1860, when he went to Hanover, for the express purpose of making the acquaintance of Joachim; but he never could wait for the regular musical season in the winter. Still he continued till the end of his life the winter Quartet Matinéés he had established in Pau.

"On the 12th July, 1862, the hand of friendship closed his eyes in that town. May that hand, to whose unremitting care alone it is due that Eller was kept alive as long as he was, be blessed by all those who were dear to him far away! To that hand we are indebted for the thought that the great German artist did not die abandoned in a foreign land, but where he felt at home, and where his heart had taken fresh root."

At the close of the book mention is made of several compositions for the violin by Eller (Op. 1-24) which, in the absence of brilliant and, at the same time, sterling productions for that instrument, might probably be worthy attention, and require a first-rate master for their performance.

[The foregoing—for the materials of which we are indebted to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—must be perused with reserve. The influence exercised over Eller by such a man as Ole Bull does not say much for the artistic judgment of the former; and we are the more inclined on that account to view the *memoir* as a friendly panegyric rather than as a fair appreciation. We may, however, be wrong, and shall be glad to be corrected.—ED. M. W.]

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic gave their closing concert for the season last month, at which Mr. Richard Hoffman performed Hummel's Concerto in A minor, and at the Brooklyn Philharmonic the following week the same gentleman played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor.

MADAME GRISI is about to make a *tournee* in the provinces with Signor Mario, M. and Madame Sainton, and other artists. Previous to her departure she will sing in a concert at the Crystal Palace for Mr. Gye. At the end of the *tournee* she returns to London for a series of concerts at the same place.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Baker Butcher is again in arrears and again hastily atones. On Saturday (July 9th), *Mirella* for the third time. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (12th, 14th and 16th), *Mirella*. *Mirella*, *Mirella* (see another page). The fifth performance of *Mirella* was for Mr. Mapleson's benefit, which Mr. B. B. thought was the case with all the performances, whether of *Mirella*, or of any other opera.

On Monday (18th)—beginning of the "cheap nights"—*Faust*. Tuesday (*Mirella*—7th time). Thursday *Il Trovatore*, Mdle. Grossi as Azucena—the rest as before, Mad. Harriers Wippen having thrown up the part of Leonora (which, however, fell safely into the arms of Mdle. Tietjens) at the eleventh hour.

To-night *Oberon*, for the first time this season, and with almost every good singer in Mr. Mapleson's company included in the cast. *Tant mieux pour* Carl Maria Von Weber. **BAKER BUTCHER.**

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday (9th inst) *L'Elisir d'Amore* was given for the second time, and followed by *L'He Enchantée*. On Monday (11th) *Don Giovanni*—last time this season, Mdle. Adelina Patti enhancing the interest of the performance by resuming the part of Zerlina, in which she is unrivalled. Tuesday (12th) *La Traviata* (with Mdle. Artot) and the ballet. Thursday (14th) *Le Prophète* (Sig. Tamberlik and Mad. Nantier Didié)—last time.

On Friday (the 15th)—a "special extra night," announced as "the benefit of Mdle. Adelina Patti"—that incomparable little artist played *Margherita* in *Faust e Margherita* for the last time this year. Finer acting, more finished singing, were never heard. In short this was the most wonderful performance of M. Gounod's wonderfully popular opera which has probably been witnessed anywhere. Mario was more than himself. Never can the delicious garden-scene, or the solemn scene in the church, be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present. The house was crammed to the ceiling. Adelina Patti, Mario and Faure had to come forward after every scene in which they appeared; and at the end Adelina was honored by an enthusiastic summons, especially intended for herself. Nevertheless she would not appear without her *Faust*, and so *Faust* came and picked up gallantly the bouquets. This was the eighth time Mdle. Patti played *Margherita*; and these eight performances (although nearly all on non-subscription nights) have brought receipts to the theatre unexampled at the Italian Opera since the days of the "Lind-fever." Never did Adelina Patti's star shine more brightly in the London operatic firmament. Her popularity is at its zenith; and she is (as she well deserves to be) the idol of the public. Lucky Mr. Gye—to have found such a treasure! No wonder you made her a magnificent *cadeau* in diamonds on her benefit night.

On Saturday (16th), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Mdle. Fricci as Amalia—the rest as before), for the last time. Monday (18th), the *Barbiere* (Patti, Mario, Ronconi, &c.),—the last time.

On Tuesday (19th) Mdle. Artot essayed the character of *Margherita*, and was very favorably received. The performance, generally, however, was by no means good. Whether there had been no rehearsal, or not enough of rehearsal, or too little, or too much, of something, or of something else, it is impossible to say; but certainly so cold and careless a representation of M. Gounod's *Faust*, on the whole, has rarely been witnessed. Sig. Attri played *Mephistopheles*, for the first time here, and fairly justified the encomiums lavished on his impersonation of that character abroad. But of the execution generally, as has been hinted, the less said the better. Mdle. Artot, a most diligent, conscientious and accomplished artist, must take her revenge. *She* and Sig. Attri alone can be reported to have done their best on this occasion.

On Thursday (21st) *L'Elisir d'Amore*—last time. House crammed. Duet between Adina and Dulcamara (perfection) encored with rapture.

To-night the revival of *L'Etoile du Nord*. On Wednesday Mr. A. Harris takes his benefit, and the entertainment begins with the first act of *Norma*—Norma by—by—by—GIULIA GRISI! **BUTCHER BAKER.**

ERRATUM. In No. 29, page 456, article Musical Society of London—for "A wider revolution," read a wiser resolution.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I perceive that the *Gazette des Etrangers* announces that the piece composed by Rossini on the day of Meyerbeer's interment is entitled:—

"Quelques Mésures Funébres à mon pauvre ami Giacomo Meyerbeer,
"6 May, 1864, 8 o'clock A.M." GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

It is a chorus in four parts, the large rhythm of which is indicated simply by blows struck in equal times on muffled kettle-drums. The theme is solemn and of a melancholy character, and seems to have been suggested under the inspiration of deep emotion. The words were written by M. Emilien Paccini, co-laborer in all the vocal pieces which have recently proceeded from Rossini's pen.

The new grand Ballet of Action, called *Néméa*, some considerable time in rehearsal, has been produced successfully at the Grand Opera. It is a pretty affair, very clearly told in the action, and affords splendid opportunities for choregraphic display. The plot is a sort of mixture of *Don Juan*, *Zampa* and *Pygmalion*, in which the supernatural element is largely employed, and Cupid, or Eros, is made to play a conspicuous figure. The authors of the book are MM. Ludovic Halévy and Henri Meilhac; the composer of the music, M. Minkus, or Minkous, first violin of the Royal Theatre of Moscow. M. Saint-Leon came all the way from St. Petersburg to superintend the choregraphic department. Mdle. Mouravief distinguished herself in the part of the heroine, and showed some curious and brilliant steps. The *Berceuse*, which she dances in the first act, in dialogue with the flute, is applauded with enthusiasm nightly, and seldom escapes an encore. The music in general is light and agreeable, and now and then betrays glimpses of character, as though M. Minkus, or Minkous, could do better things if put to it. I hope somebody, or something, will put him to it. Mdle. Fiocre—not the fair danseuse who sustained the part of the winged god in the divertissement of *Pierre de Medicis*, but a sister, Mdle. E. Fiocre—made her *début* as Cupid, and with much effect, being at the same time a charming dancer and a charming person. The other chief parts were played by M. Méranthe (the Count), Mdles. Sanlaville, Beaugrand, Pilatte and Aline Volters.

The Opéra-Comique is even now busy in preparing for the winter, or autumn and winter season. Besides *Lara*, the great success of which will doubtless lead to a second prosperous career, we are promised the revival of the *Pré aux Clercs*, in which M. Achard will sing the part of Mergé. The novelties to be put successively into rehearsal are:—Félicien David's *Tout est bien qui finit bien* (Shakspeare's *All's Well that ends Well*, I suppose), the translation or paraphrase of which has been supplied by MM. de Leuven, Michel Carré and Hadot; the opera of MM. Sardou and Gavaert—*Le Capitaine Gaston*; and lastly, *Les Tresors de Pierrot*, the words by MM. Michel Carré, and Trianon, the music by M. Eugene Gautiers.

The introduction of the ballet next season at the Theatre Italien, in accordance with the new General Permission Theatrical Act, is likely to exercise a powerful influence on the destinies of that theatre. We may now suppose that M. Bagier will throw down the gauntlet to the director of the Grand Opéra, and produce the great French operas of Rossini and Meyerbeer. M. Bagier is busy organising his *corps de ballet*, and already has secured forty of the loveliest and best coryphées Paris can afford. Moreover, he is making important alterations in the theatre, principally with a view to increased accommodation.

M. Adolphe Sax, the great brass instrument maker, has just completed a new saxotromba, which, it is confidently asserted, will be the most perfect instrument of the kind ever invented. There is a long account of the new Saxotromba in the *Ménestrel* of last Sunday, and had I thought it would interest your readers I should have translated it for them. The instrument is lauded to the skies and said to possess extraordinary advantages over old instruments of the same family.

Paris, July 20.

M. SHOOT.

MADAME HARRIERS WIFFEN left for Berlin on Thursday.

NEW THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE IN LIVERPOOL.—A limited liability company, the directors of which include some of the most influential and wealthy "merchant princes" of Liverpool, have purchased a plot of ground in Lime Street, Liverpool, near the London and North-Western Railway Station, and opposite St. George's Hall, on which they are about to erect a handsome theatre and opera house. It is expected that the new building will be opened before next Christmas, though it is to be a very large and handsome structure, combining all the recent improvements. Especial attention will be paid to ventilation and to the comfort of the audience, for, though the theatre will be a large one, it is only intended to seat 1500 persons, who will, however, enjoy the novelty of having plenty of room to sit and view the performances with comfort and ease. During a portion of the year, operatic performances will be given in a style of completeness worthy of metropolitan opera houses, but the ordinary performances will consist of first-class entertainments of all descriptions. The theatre will be leased to a respectable manager of tried experience, the directors only exercising a general supervision; and it is rumoured that Mr. A. Henderson, the present popular and successful lessee of the Prince of Wales Theatre, has made a most satisfactory arrangement as to his managing their property with the directors. The building is to be called the Alexandra Theatre and Opera House.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MISS LOUISA PYNE.—On Thursday afternoon a select circle of Miss Louisa Pyne's friends and admirers met (by permission) at the mansion of the Marchioness of Downshire, Belgrave Square, and presented her with a magnificent piece of plate, as a testimonial to the services she has rendered to art and to her high worth in private life. Mr. Brinley Richards, who acted as chairman, prefaced the presentation with a speech, and afterwards read an address to Miss Pyne, both speech and address being received with much applause. Miss Pyne rose to return thanks, but was so over-powered by emotion that she could not proceed for some time. She, however, after a while, spoke a few words, sensible and to the purpose, and sat down amid hearty cheers from the whole company. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Richards and a very handsome volume presented to Miss Clift, the lady who acted as honorary secretary to the testimonial fund, and whose services were eminently useful in bringing the affair to so successful an issue. Finally, a vote of thanks was proposed to the Marchioness of Downshire for the use of her spacious and splendid apartments, and the company separated.

MDLLE A. PESCHEL'S CONCERT.—Mdle. Peschel is one of the most talented pianists now resident in Paris. During her first visit to London she has had few opportunities of being heard; but wherever she has been heard she has won golden opinions. On Monday afternoon she gave a concert at the residence of Signor Campanella, and was listened to in various performances with the utmost attention and interest by a fashionable audience. Mdle. Peschel played the Kreutzer Sonata (with M. Niedzielski), Chopin's Valse, Op. 34 (No. 1), a *Tarantella* by De Beriot the younger, Henselt's *Poème d'Amour*, a *Song without Words* by Mendelssohn, and an *Etude Caprice* by De Beriot the younger. Her tone is full and pleasing, her touch light and crisp, her taste wholly unaffected and her execution neat as well as brilliant. Mdle. Peschel's success was complete, and she afforded entire gratification to her patrons. Some vocal music by Mdle. Angèle, Signor Campanella and Mr. A. Irving (accompanists Signors Campana and Pilotti), and a violin solo by the gentleman who took part in the sonata, agreeably varied this agreeable concert.

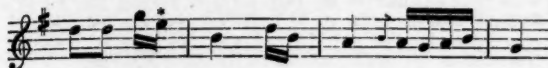
THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.—This extraordinary piece of mechanism is now being exhibited at St. James's Hall. M. Saguish, of Constantinople, is the inventor. It represents the head and shoulders of a human being holding in his mouth a trumpet, through which issues the sound of the human voice. This extraordinary automaton head sings a variety of songs in so perfect a manner that it is impossible to believe it produced by mechanism alone. The words of the song are heard quite distinctly, the quality of the voice (a tenor), though somewhat nasal, is exceedingly agreeable, and the invention altogether one of the most astonishing in this age of mechanical miracles. The programme at the private exhibition consisted of "The dark girl dressed in blue," "Polly Perkins," "Annie Lisle," "A gipsy's life is a joyous life," "God bless the prince of Wales" and "God save the Queen." The exhibition is to be varied daily. Every curious inquirer will go and hear "The Anthropoglossos."

Muttoniana.

More questions have been posed since Mr. Ap'Mutton's return than he could under any circumstances undertake to answer. All he can possibly do is to cull. He therefore culls.

3. Voice from the Skies.

MY DEAR AP'MUTTON,—The last time we dined together (at John Broadwood's—you remember?) you pledged your word to me that if I died before you, you would look to my posterior fame—that you would not only spread the knowledge of my works, but see that they were revised whenever a new edition appeared. Now, in last *Muttoniana*, I find a quotation from my Op. 19, with a wrong note in it—an E, instead of a D. I requote the last three bars of the quotation:—



It should be thus:—



Own this is a queer way of keeping your promise. What is Mr. Purple Powis, who fancied he had "unconsciously generated" my melody? He must be an arrant donkey. All the gods and goddesses read *Muttoniana*, especially Mercury, who says you are as great a thief as himself, and Diana, who declares that if she could forget herself for any one it would be "for that dear duck of an Ap'Mutton." Himmel is here (if he wasn't, he swears he would have changed his name to Hölle!); but not Woelfl, nor Steibelt, nor my poor Louis Ferdinand—though I am told by Venus that the Prince is shortly expected (she longs to see him). Meanwhile, I am as happy as I may be without a Broadwood. I cannot describe the instrument with which I am obliged to play Juno to sleep, when Jupiter wants to go out. It almost sends me off as well. Never mind—Hebe pours out my nectar. What a donkey the Governor was to abandon her for Ganymede!—Yours, as of old, dear Ap'Mutton (who'd think it was sixty years since we met!),

Johann Ludwig Dussek.

Olympus.

P.S.—By the way, why doesn't Arabella Goddard play my *Adieux à Clementi*, my *Elegie on Louis Ferdinand*, my Op. 35, and, last not least, my *Invocation*? Surely they are all better than Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* and Steibelt's *Madame Buonaparte*. Speak to S. Arthur Chappell about it, and thank him for republishing my violin sonatas and canzonets. Tell him also that there is one of my quartets still unplayed at his Monday Concerts (Apollo calls them "Pops"). But, for Heaven's sake, don't let him ask Hallé to play any more of my music. I heard him (Hallé), with my Olympian ear-trumpet, do *Le Retour à Paris* (why the deuce does he call it "*Plus Ultra*"); and really it was too expensive for my nerves (thank Jupiter, I still have nerves). Luckily, Jaell can't play my music if he would, and Pauer thinks too much of Schumann and himself. How's John Ella? J. L. D.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is delighted to hear from so ancient and esteemed a friend, but sorry that his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) age should have been thus (he thinks) indiscreetly revealed to his fairer readers. Mr. Ap'M. has no influence with Arabella Goddard, nor with S. Arthur Chappell, but will give the sonatas to his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) daughter, Fleece.

Mr. Pontifex Fouracres (with thanks for Mr. Ap'Mutton's courtesy) has found a theme for a fugue, and begs Mr. Ap'M. will suggest how it should be answered. Here is the theme for a fugue which Mr. Fouracres has found:—



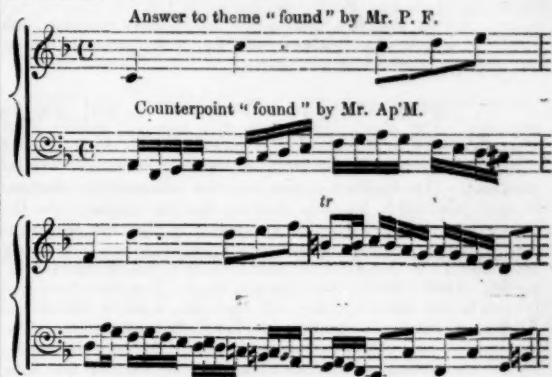
Mr. Ap'Mutton would answer it in this way:—



At the same time (as the letter from his friend Dussek will have shown) Mr. Ap'Mutton is too old a bird to be caught even by the chaff of Mr. Pontifex Fouracres, whose attention he (Mr. Ap'M.)

* Not to be confounded with Hallé.—O. Ap'M.

invites to a counterpoint which he (Mr. Ap'M.) has "found" for the answer:—



Will Mr. Fouracres say where Mr. Ap'M. "found" that counterpoint, or whether it was (consciously or unconsciously) generated by him (Mr. Ap'M.)? He (Mr. Fouracres) had better pass off his jokes on a less wily generalissimo, or he may find himself in the plight of Grant versus Lee—i.e., in a dead lock.

Dr. Wind begs the editor of *Muttoniana* (who seems to know everything) to inform him when Madame Malibran died, and how old she was when she died; also when Mad. Albertazzi died, and how old she was when she died. Dr. Wind will be extremely grateful for the information. Perhaps, if Dr. Ap. Mutton is ignorant, Dr. Shoe or Dr. Pidding may be able to enlighten him (Wind).

He (Wind) is instructed that Mr. Ap'Mutton is not a Dr. in anything. No more was Handel. Secondly, Mr. Ap'Mutton cannot possibly be ignorant on any point whatever—much less possibly on points familiar to his own deputy, Shoe, and to his own sub-deputy, Pidding. Albertazzi (Mr. Ap'M. begins with her—hoping to twitch Dr. Wind's conscience) died Sep. 25, 1847, aged 32; Malibran died Sep. 25, 1836, aged 28.

Dear Ap'Mutton—I have a wager with Boil. He says that Grisi never, since she was in the Royal Italian Opera, had an apology printed for her on the evening of performance, and on the plea of "cold and hoarseness." I say the contrary. We have agreed to refer it to you, as infallible, and am, yours always, and with a respect very unlikely to diminish,

PAUL MOIST.

The Pond, Drippingham, July 20.

If Mr. Moist bets "the contrary" he wins the bet. Mr. Ap'Mutton has taken subjoined out of his 33rd pigeon-hole:—

The Directors have great regret in stating, that Madame GRISI is suffering from so severe a Cold and Hoarseness as to prevent the possibility of her performing this Evening; the kind indulgence of the Audience is, therefore, most respectfully requested towards

MADAME CASTELLAN,

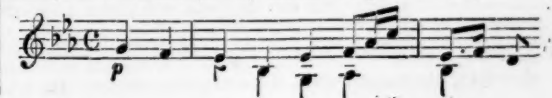
who has most kindly offered to sing the part of *Pamina*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, May 11th, 1852.

—and "am" his (P. Moist's) "with a respect very unlikely" &c. What makes the matter queerer is this: Mr. Ap'Mutton and Mr. Baylis (Baylis, Mr. Ap'M. presumes) Boil were, that very same evening, in a box at the R.I.O.—with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, Lord Aldgate, and one of the young Pumps—to witness the performance of *Die Zauberflöte*; and so tickled with Ronconi's mimicry of Mad. Viardot, in the duet between Papageno and Papagena, was Boil, that he nigh burst. This makes the matter queerer. Is Boil's memory wandering?

To the Conductor of "*Muttoniana*."

HONORED SIR—An air, of which I have an edition to Italian words, "Io ti lascio, cara, addio," but which begins as follows,



I have been in the habit of attributing to Mozart, but now, somebody, I forgot whom, but I know he had a beard and a white choker, at the Opera, the opera was *Mireille*, assured me it was not Mozart's, but Haydn's, but will you, Mr. Ap'Mutton set one, or both of us, right, and oblige one, or both of us, but especially yours with veneration, but not personally acquainted with your person,
SIMCOCK HOUSE.
July 20.

"But" not so many buts. Why "but?" And why all commas? The song in question first appeared shortly after Mozart's demise, in a collection of so-called *Mozartische Lieder*, under the name of "Lassen muss ich," with a pianoforte accompaniment. Mr. Ap'Mutton, however, was informed by Madame Mozart (afterwards Madame Nissen), that the melody was the composite of one Gottfried von Jacquin, and that her illustrious first husband merely put an accompaniment for four string instruments; so that the accompaniment only was Mozart's composite. "But" that is both here and there. Further information is open to Mr. House, if he will open Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köckel's *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sämtlicher Tönwerke Wolfgang Mozart's*, at page 524. The copy forwarded by Dr. von Köckel to Mr. Ap'Mutton is to be seen at the King and Beard, where Mr. Ap'Mutton hangs out. Will Mr. House favor him (Mr. Ap'M.) with a call?

MARLIN SPIKE AT THE OPERA.

SIR—My letter to Dr. Shoe might be rather disagreeable, but not with the intention of hurting his feelings. I should be very sorry to attempt it. Mr. James Marlin Spike I found to be a man straightforward in all his business, and passionately fond of music; you will say so when I tell you. On Saturday evening we visited the self-same Opera-house, Her Majesty's Theatre; the opera was the self-same, the charming *Mirella*, and during the performance I found that my friend, Mr. Marlin Spike, although a nail maker by trade, knew something of music, but I will tell you the commencement. We took our seats on the O.P. side in the pit stalls, and right behind us sat a short, grey-headed old gentleman, whom Mr. Marlin Spike knew by sight, a South-Welsh lawyer, a man who should know everything and everybody's business, and who would tell you what was coming next, which was very unpleasant, but Mr. Marlin Spike, sat still and payed every attention to the music, and when the first scene was over, he expressed himself in this way: "Eh, lad, that's playing it greatly, I should loike to hear it again, it fair makes my hair stand on its end." But just now came two foreign gentlemen, evidently Italians, who turned round to tell the boy who sold the programme, and said in Italian: "*Quanto costa*," of course you know, Mr. Ap'Mutton, what that means, but the old lawyer overhearing this, said aloud, just when the fair *Mirella* was singing her air, "It is not *Costa* at all, it is *And-hüter*, and a very good one, quite as good as t'other." Mr. Marlin Spike, who was enjoying the singing, said: "Hould these noise, wilt," and I said, "Hush," but on went the performance. You know, Mr. Ap'Mutton when they come to the § movement, in fact, it is every other bar § and §—words, I forget what—poor Marlin Spike was counting time with his hand, and it is evident that he knew the right time. When we came to the finale of this passage he exclaimed: "Eh, did thee ever hear such chords, lad, especially that § movement." The old lawyer who kept listening to one and to the other, said, somnously: "What did you say about 6s. 8d.? are you insinuating to me, sir?—if you want to talk about business, call at my office." This caused Mr. Marlin Spike to laugh, and we waited with great glee until the finish of the opera, and what with the beautiful singing of the artists, and the lawyer farce, we left for our homes delighted at everything.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,
BUCKNOLE BAT.

P.S.—By-the-bye, I am happy to inform you that your friend Ap'Shenkin is about to visit the metropolis.

Mr. Ap'Mutton will be glad to see Mr. Ap'Shenkin, but trusts that Mr. Bat will not take his friend Spike any more to the opera—especially when *Mirella* is put forth.

Mr. Pim presents his compliments and encloses some intelligence for Mr. Ap'Mutton's consideration. It is about Herwyn.

Mr. Ap'Mutton having considerably considered the intelligence, considers that it stands in no need of reconsideration.

HERWYN.

M. HENRY HERWYN, a French violinist of the highest order, now on a short visit to England, and who first made himself known in this country by playing several charming pieces of his own composition at the charitable *fête* given at the South Kensington Museum, presided over by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has since been electrifying the musical world in several private concerts. His tone

and mechanism of touch are marvellous, whilst the varieties of his expression are full of touching sympathy and exquisite sentiment. If ever M. Herwyn should appear in public, we predict for him an exalted position that must lead to a brilliant and well-merited celebrity.

When Mr. Ap'Mutton played the fiddle he also made himself known by some charming pieces of his own composition, and was also voted a fiddler of the highest order. He (Mr. Ap'M.) also "electrified" at several private concerts. His tone was also considered marvellous, as also the "varieties of his expression." About his "mechanism of touch" Mr. Ap'M. remembers less than about his "touching sympathy and exquisite sentiment" of which his "mechanism" was so full, that an "exalted position" was predicted for him, which he had attained even anterior to the prediction; while other qualities in his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) playing had led to a brilliant and, he (Mr. Ap'M.) believes, well-merited celebrity, even before he (Mr. Ap'M.) had won the "exalted position." Nevertheless, Mr. Ap'M. tenders his thanks to Mr. Pim.

A DUEL.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

Mr. Dovey Scoones presents his respects to Mr. Ap'Mutton. A duel took place (owing to a quarrel about an egg), between Sir Caper O'Corby and Sir Oodle Poodle, in a field near Tewkesbury Point. The combatants exchanged pistols, and then shots. One ball hit the hat of Captain Pearbottom, Sir Caper's loader; the other hit Ward-riffe, Sir Oodle's groom, in the left heel. The combatants then shook hands: and the general opinion remained that neither Sir Caper nor Sir Oodle could be considered a dead-shot.

With thanks to Mr. Scoones, Mr. Ap'Mutton remains with the general opinion.

THE WIND ORGAN.

SIR,—Can you inform me when the wind-organ first became in common use, and oblige, Yours respectfully, FELIX BROGUE.
To Owain Ap'Mutton, Esq.

The wind-organ (Mr. Ap'Mutton well remembers) became in common use A.D. 514, in the time of Cassiodorus, who flourished under King Vitigas, the Goth; and (Mr. Ap'Mutton also remembers well) it was then blown by hand-bellows. Mr. Ap'M., at that period, composed a melody for it.

Mdlle. BRUNETTI.

MR. AP'MUTTON—SIR,—I see Mdlle. Brunetti, who is to play *Prascovia* in *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced as appearing "for the first time in England." Can you, in the plenitude of your information, instruct me in this matter? I have a wager with an occasional contributor to your column (Mr. Abel Grogg), who maintains it is true what the R. I. O. advertisement announces. I maintain it is not true. Your obedient servant,

QUINTIN QUACK (M.D.)

Mdlle. Brunetti (or Brunet—for that is her French patronymic) came out at Her Majesty's Theatre (under manager E. T. Smith) as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*, on Saturday, May 12th, 1860. Mr. Ap'Mutton was present, with Mrs. and the Misses Ap'Mutton, and remembers well that Miss Fleece threw the young *débütante* (towards whom Mrs. Ap'M. would not allow Mr. Ap'M. to address his opera-glass) a bouquet which she had culled from his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) window-flower-pots. Mr. Ap'M. also remembers that Mongini played the Duke, and that Sebastiano Ronconi, a brother of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) inimitable friend, Giorgio, played the jester. Mr. Ap'M., lastly, remembers that Mdlle. Brunetti (or Brunet) was a pupil of his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) long-standing friend, Duprez, by reason of a letter of recommendation which he (Duprez) wrote to him (Mr. Ap'M.), and which he (Mr. Ap'M.) now produces in a thin frame:—

CHER AP'MUTTON—Fais moi l'amitié de prêter une oreille à ma jeune et charmante ecolière, Marie Brunet. Elle va essayer ses ailes au Théâtre de sa Majesté, et je demande à ton amitié pour moi ton oreille indulgente pour elle.—A toi de cœur,
DUPREZ.

Mr. Ap'Mutton not being allowed (as aforesaid) to lend an eye (which might have been too indulgent), lent an ear (his most indulgent ear—his left ear), and had no cause to repent him of the loan.

EPIGRAM.

There was an old fiddler called Lauterbach,
Who, thinking to wheedle his daughter back,
Played "Hey diddle, diddle,"
"The cat and the fiddle,"
When over the Moon jumped Miss Lauterbach.

SIMPLE SIMON.

Mr. Ap'Mutton picked up the above—he forgets where, nevertheless, he regards Mr. Simon as a simpleton.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

King and Beard, Black Chapel, July 22.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Additional Poems for the next edition; dedicated to Mr. Bass, M.P., by a grateful Laureate.)*

I.—BEFORE BASS.

Riseest thou thus, dim morn, again,
Upon the dull and dreary street,
Where, 'ere in Farringford's retreat,
I sought oblivion of my pain,
I groaned and fretted painful years,
Stretched on the barrel-organ's rack,
Though sleeping in a first-floor-back,
And wearing cotton in my ears?
Not less street-music, hour on hour,
Would pierce the brain with iterate chime;
Till organ-thunder, murdering rhyme,
Turned milk of human-kindness sour.
And when the organ, from my door,
By dole unblest was bribed away,
The kilted bag-piper's strathspey
Made misery keener than before.
And when the piper's wind gave out,
Upon the blast by crashes borne
Came ophicleide, bassoon, French horn,
In linked discord clanged about.
Morn passed—dull day to dark declined:
Gas, London's better sun, gave light:
Those sounds still hideous made the night;
Till life seemed one perpetual grind.
I said: This town befits not bard:
For staying here I can but die,
Unuttered all my fantasy,
With tuneless tunes my music marred!
I said: I will seek out some place
Where no street-music is allowed;
Where to the ass-ears of the crowd,
None bids the finer brain give space.

II.—AFTER BASS.

I left fair Farringford's retreat:
I said, I will reseek the town;
Though green in Park and Square be brown;
And dust and clamour choke the street.
Again, as in the years gone by,
I sleep within my first-floor-back;
Nor cotton for my ears I lack,
Though all unused 'tis left to lie.
The sun still wears his cap of cloud,
As did the sun I used to know;
I hear the cry of "milk below,"
And "water-creases" clamouring loud.
The sea of wheels still roars and rolls;
The pavement still is vexed of feet;
Yet a strange peace broods o'er the street,
And all unchafed we poet-souls
May shoot our swallow-flights of song,
Nor struggle with the organ's blare:
And nigger-melodists forbear,
And German bands, resolved in wrong.
Like a caged thrush, that yet doth fill
The hours with music as they pass,
I sing my gratitude to Bass
And them that voted for his Bill!

* "It was well known that the Poet Laureate had been driven out of London by the street music."—MR. BASS, in *Debate on Street Music Bill*.

III.—SELF-QUESTION.

And have I done sweet music wrong,
That deem the organ-man accurst,
And for their praise in song have burst
Who drained his barrel of its song?
A poet I, an organ he;
Is this our quarrel and no more?
I drive a rival from the door;
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Or am I hard, as Ayrton holds,
Denying prisoned area belles
The only joy that gloom dispels
Of days sore vexed with toils and scolds?
Ah!—no: 'tis that I love too well
The music that those organs slay;
'Tis that my glance too oft will stray,
Pleased with some blooming area-belle,
Unwilling that her eyes should err,
From the policeman drawn aside,
Or Grenadier, his country's pride,
To that black whiskered foreigner
Who grins and grinds, and grinds and grins,
And in the area's smile elate
Defies the first-floor's rage and hate,
And, if I seize him, kicks my shins!

THE CHOIR OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

(From an occasional Contributor).

The Eleventh Anniversary of this Society took place on Tuesday the 12th inst., and, as usual, consisted of a day out of town at the expense of the congregation of the church. In order to the making a long day of it, and completing a variety of amusements, the juveniles, of the party were "on the wing" at an early hour, making a considerable country excursion previous to the general meeting at the Manor House, Green Lanes, Hornsey, where dinner was appointed at 2 o'clock. Soon after that hour upwards of seventy ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. Mr. Crane, ex-churchwarden of the parish (in the unavoidable absence of the Rector) taking the chair. Dinner over, the following programme was gone through:—

Toast 1.—The Queen and Royal Family; "National Anthem"; Toast 2.—The President and Clergy; Part-song—"The Dawn of Day"; Toast 3.—The Vice-President; Part-song—"March of the Men of Harlech"; Thomas; Toast 4.—The Treasurer; Part-song—"When evening's twilight"; Hatton; Toast 5.—The Organist; Part-song—"Auld lang syne"; G. W. Martin; Toast 6.—The Master of the Choir; Glee—"The chough and crow"; Bishop; Toast 7.—The Librarian; Hunting Glee—"Foresters, sound the cheerful horn"; Bishop; Toast 8.—The Ladies; Glee—"Here's a health to all good ladies"; Toast 9.—The Choir and Hon. Secretary; Glee—"Glorious Apollo"; Webbe; Toast 10.—The Visitors; Parting-Glee—"To our next merry meeting"; Phillips.

Quadrilles and Waltzes, to Saunders's band, first on the green sward (of rather faded hue unfortunately), and at nightfall by adjournment in the long room, concluded the day's entertainment about midnight. In the course of the afternoon the company were incidentally entertained with solos on the violin and violoncello, by De Beriot and Piatti, performed by two sons of Mr. Saunders—youths of the respective ages of about 12 and 14, the violin and violoncello of his quadrille band—in a highly effective manner.

Last to be mentioned in connection with this little affair, though not least, for it was the feature of the day, is that it was made the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Burrows, the organist of the church, of an ornamental inkstand in silver, of the value of twenty-five guineas, subscribed for by the members of the Quire, as a token of recognition of his valuable and unstinted services in the promotion of the objects of the Society. The unmistakable manifestation of delight that interrupted the presentation address at the moment of unveiling the little piece of plate (which had stood on a pedestal in the centre of the table during the dinner, under a covering, and unobserved by the general company), constituted the "sensation" scene of the day's entertainments. Indeed, the whole of the attendant circumstances sufficiently testified to the fact of the high esteem in which Mr. Burrows is held by this very respectable band of amateurs.

GLASGOW CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—We observe that the eleventh season of these popular concerts commences on the 3rd September. For the first two concerts the principal singers engaged are Madlle. Liebhart, soprano; Madlle. Elena Angele, contralto; Mr. Brewster Wylie, tenor; Mr. Chaplin Henry, basso; with a chorus of fifty voices.

MESSRS. W. H. HOLMES and G. W. HAMMOND's third pianoforte and miscellaneous concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday morning, the 16th instant. The important pianoforte pieces were Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 7, played by Mr. W. H. Holmes; the same composer's Polonaise in C, executed by Mr. G. W. Hammond; and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, performed by Messrs. Hammond, Blagrove, and Pettit. All three performances were excellent, Mendelssohn's Trio coming in for the largest share of applause. The other pieces for the pianoforte were fantasias, &c., the most noticeable of which was a new Impromptu by Mr. G. W. Hammond, played by himself and very favorably received. Mr. Holmes played a very ingenious piece of his own entitled "Tableau Musical," introducing an air composed by his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, "Sounds are through the forest dying," both composition and performance eliciting admiration. Mr. Holmes also played a fantasia on Danish airs by Mr. Harold Thomas; "Homage à la Reine," introducing "God save the Queen," by Madame Rosalie Thamar; and Thalberg's fantasia on *Mossé*, the last particularly raising the enthusiasm of the audience. The other instrumental performances were Vieuxtemps' fantasia on "The Minstrel Boy," splendidly played by Mr. Pettit; *Fantaisie-Caprice* for violin, by Mr. Blagrove; and duet for two harps by John Thomas, played by Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton and Mr. Cheshire—the last loudly encored. The vocal music was recommended by two extracts from Mr. W. H. Holmes's sacred cantata entitled *The Redemption*, namely, recitative and air, "When the wicked man turneth away," sung by Mr. Weiss, and quartet "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness," sung by Madame Weiss, Miss Florence de Courcy, Mr. Wallace Wells and Mr. Weiss. Both were well sung and much applauded, the quartet being remarkable for simplicity of form, but well knit and compact. A new song, "Whither thou goest I will go," from *Ruth*, a sacred piece composed in honor of the Royal Wedding, by F. Weber, resident organist of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace, a very expressive and tuneful composition, was most charmingly sung by Miss Florence de Courcy and loudly applauded, as indeed both song and singing deserved. Madame Weiss gave Mendelssohn's air "On song's bright pinions," accompanied on the harp by M. Balsir Chatterton, a very excellent performance; Mr. Weiss as a matter of course was encored in his own ballad "We were boys together," upon which he gave "The village blacksmith;" and Mr. Wallace Wells sang Mr. F. Clay's song—a charming bit of sentiment—"Shades of evening," very cleverly and with much feeling. Mr. S. J. Noble was conductor.

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER. — Miss Kate Gordon and Mr. George Lansdowne Cottell gave a concert at the above hall on Thursday evening, under distinguished patronage. Miss Gordon and Mr. Cottell are pianists, and the lady, we believe, is the gentleman's pupil. There were many names in the programme, certain of which we had the pleasure of seeing for the first time. There were, however, some well-known names, as Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Julia Elton, Mrs. Helen Percy, whom we were pleased to see. Mr. George Lansdowne Cottell we have said was a pianist. Mr. Cottell is also a singer, a tenor singer of the *bravura* school. His assaying "O 'tis a glorious sight" and "The death of Nelson," left no doubt of this. Among the many vocal performances of the concert we were pleased with none more than the Ratanap song from the *Elisir d'Amore* and the ballad "When thro' life," sung by Mrs. Campbell Black, with a very agreeable voice and very pleasing style. We shall be glad to hear Mrs. Campbell Black again. The selection was almost entirely vocal, the only instrumental performances being a solo of his own composition, played by Mr. Cottell; Herr Kuhe's "Bianca," and "Les Tambours," composed expressly for her, performed by Miss Kate Gordon; and *Duo Concertante* on *Guillaume Tell*, for pianoforte and violin, by Miss Kate Gordon and Herr Otto Booth. The concert seemed to gratify all present.

MISS ELEANOR WARD and MISS CONSTANCE RODEN's Matinée at Cadogan Place, on Wednesday morning, was well attended. Miss Ward, the pianist, is a pupil of Mr. Benedict, and reflects credit on the teaching of her distinguished master. On the present occasion her performances consisted of "La Passione" by Coop, "Spinnied" by Litolf, fantasia, "Where the bee sucks" (Benedict), and fantasia on airs from *Martha* (Kuhe). In all she exhibited neatness of execution, correctness of phrasing, and an excellent manner, and in all elicited marked applause. Miss Constance Roden has an agreeable voice and sings with taste and expression. She began the concert, in conjunction with Mr. Frank Elmore and Mr. Allan Irving, with Verdi's trio "Te sol quest' anima," and afterwards sang the old ballad "She wore a wreath of roses," and Cherubini's "Ave Maria." In the second part she gave, with Mr. Frank Elmore, Signor Campana's duet "Dimmi che m'ami," and a song by Miss Virginia Gabriel, "Ahi che l'affetto mio," with which the audience were greatly pleased. Among the other artists who assisted was Mdlle. Georgi, who sang the air "La Stagione arriva"

from *Mirella*, and Signor Arditì's *Bolero*, "Leggiero invisibile," both of which afforded evident satisfaction. An apology was made by Mr. Benedict for the non-appearance of Miss Constance Georgi who was suffering from hoarseness. Miss Lina Martorelle sang some Spanish songs in her usual spirited and characteristic style; Mr. Weiss contributed his genial "We were boys together;" Madame Weiss a serenade by Hatton, and the two together sang Donizetti's "Santa Voce." Mr. Allan Irving, moreover, introduced a new song by Hutchinson "When the silvery moonbeams sleep," Madame Pratten played a solo on the guitar and Mr. Cheshire a solo on the harp. The "conductors" were (or should have been) Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Wilhelm Ganz, C. J. Hargitt, Emile Berger and Benedict.

AT HERR CARL DEICHMANN'S Morning Concert (Wednesday, June 29 — Willis's Rooms) some new compositions by the concert-giver were presented—namely, Sonata in D minor for pianoforte and violin, and part-songs "Serenade" and "The Quiet Life." The sonata is carefully written and interesting throughout. It will doubtless be heard again, and we shall then be afforded an opportunity of speaking of it more at length. It was extremely well played by Herr Deichmann and Herr Edward Dannreutter, and liberally applauded. The part-songs are well written for the voice (men's) and cleverly harmonized. They were sung by Messrs. Fielding, Carter, Montem Smith, and Lawler. The programme in other respects was admirable. One of Haydn's string quartets (in F major) was admirably performed by Messrs. Deichmann, Wiener, H. Webb, and Daubert; Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, was recommended by the steady and correct playing of Messrs. Dannreutter, Deichmann, and Daubert; while each of the three artists exhibited his powers in a solo. Miss Banks sang "Ah! why do we love?" from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, and "Voici la saison" from *Mirella*, and joined Mr. Montem Smith in two duets by Schumann—"Family Picture" and "Love's Garden," all of which afforded satisfaction. The concert, announced "under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary," attracted a large attendance.

BERLIN.—Last season, Herr Ullmann promised the Berliners a series of concerts at which Carlotta Patti was to make her *début*. He was, however, prevented by the success the fair singer achieved on the Rhine from coming here to make the necessary arrangements. He remained, therefore, with his company, on the Rhine; in Holland; and in Belgium, but has, at last, made the most comprehensive arrangements for all Germany and especially for Berlin. His company next season will consist of Carlotta Patti; Herr Alfred Jaell, the pianist; Henri Vieuxtemps, the violinist; Jules Steffens, the violoncellist; and Signor Ferrari, the barytone. With regard to the performances of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, she created the most extraordinary *furor* during all her last year's tour; everywhere was homage paid to her talent, which far surpassed all the expectations formed of it. She is excelled in her execution by hundreds of her fair colleagues, and yet there are *fioriture* which she executes with brilliant facility, and which hardly any other singer would like to attempt. Carlotta Patti is not to be compared with any other vocalist. The result at which we must always arrive is that she is a phenomenal being apart, who has not achieved her present position by study, but whose natural powers excite the admiration of even the sternest critics. Herr Ullmann's concerts in Berlin will commence about the end of the winter. Besides the five artists already mentioned, M. Vivier, the hornist, and M. Godefroid, the harpist, are engaged for Berlin especially. Negotiations are going on, also, with the contralto Mdlle. von Edelsberg of Munich, the young lady so celebrated by her singing at the Rhenish Musical Festivals; Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, chamber-singer to the King of Saxony, Dresden; and two artists in London. For the execution of orchestral works as well as for accompanying the vocalists, the services of all Carlberg's band have been secured. With artists such and such a band, Herr Ullmann will be enabled to offer the Berliners a programme containing much they will have an opportunity of admiring for the first time.

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